THE ELEVENTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE IMITATED.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

The ELEVENTH EPISTLE

Of the First BOOK of

HORACE Imitated.

To SAMUEL OGLE, *Esq*; *Governor of* Maryland.

A. SAY, curious Friend, [2] who rome'ſt from Pole to Pole!
My near-allied in Blood, but join'd in Soul!
What, offers *wealthy* [1] LISBON to delight?
What, *proud* [3] MADRID to fix thy travel'd Sight?
What Novelty from [4] *Sea-fenc'd* HOLLAND ſprings,
The neat-compacted State, averſe to Kings?
What judge You, not of *old*, but *modern* [5] ROME,
Of VIRTUE, now, the Temple, or the Tomb?
What, of VIENNA, [6] toſt by *adverſe* Gales?
What, of the *boaſted* Grandeur of [7] VERSAILLES.

FAME [9] largely talks of Each; but talks She true?
Gain They, or loſe, [8] by near, or diſtant View?
Or ſeem They, [12] royal Slaves to *Engliſh* Eyes?
Still think you, that BRITANNIA [10] bears the Prize?
That, ev'ry River is a Brook [11] to THAMES,
Whoſe Navy univerſal Homage claims?
That, where SHE ſhines, each leſſen'd Light withdraws,
Whoſe Walls, are Liberties, whoſe Ramparts, Laws?
Or falls within his Wiſh [13] ſome ſoft Retreat,
Some AUSTRIAN, [14] SPANISH, FRENCH, SARDINIAN Seat,
MANTUA, or MODENA; o'er whom the Sword
Impends, deciſive of her future Lord?
Or gains ANAPOLIS [15] thy grateful Praiſe,
ANAPOLIS, that opes her ſpacious Bays,

EPISTOLA XI.

Ad BULLATIUM.

Ex ASIA, *quo bellorum Civilium tædio profectus fuerat,* ROMAM *revocare conatus, monet animi ægritudinem non peregrinationibus, ſed rectâ animi compoſitione levari.*

HORATIUS.

Quid tibi viſa Chios, [1]
——— ——— *Bullati,* [2]
——— ——— ———*notæque Leſbos?* [3]
Quid concinna Samos? [4]
——— ———*Quid Cræſi regia Sardis?* [5]

To

To crown thy Labor, and indulge thy Eaſe;
Tir'd with the Lands, [16] diſguſted with the Seas?

B. Know You ANAPOLIS, [17] or aſk to know? —
Her fertile Wilds [18] with rude Abundance flow.
Far more She owes to Nature than to Toil.
The Planter rough, but gen'rous as the Soil.
Deſert of Men, [20] to Arts or Letters bred,
Mechanic Hand, or ſcientific Head:
There ſeek You Converſe? You might ſeek as ſoon
The TUNBRIDGE [19] of *December*, BATH [21] of *June*.
Tho' much She wants [22] of Culture and of Taſte,
A Beauty un-improv'd! A ſplendid Waſte!

Smyrna quid, [6]
——— ———*et Colophon?* [7]
———, ——— ———*Majora minorave* [8]
——— ——— ——— ——— ———*Fama?* [9]
Cunctane præ campo [10]
——— ——— *et Tiberino flumine* [11]
——— ——— ——— ——— *ſordent?* [12] ———
An venit in votum [13]
———— *Attalicis ex urbibus una?* [14]
An Lebedum laudas, [15]
— ——— *odio maris atque viarum.* [16]

BULLATIUS.

Scis [17]
——— *Lebedus quid ſit?* [18]
——— — *Gabiis* [19]
— ——— ———*deſertior,* [20]
——— ——— ——— ———*atque*

Her

Here, [23] ſever'd from the poliſh'd World, I chuſe
To ſpend my Days, [24] or, as You think, to loſe.
Here, ſafe on Shore, [27] ſurvey the riſing Storm,
What Clouds [28] the Heav'ns, what Winds the
[26] Seas deform;
Here, free from Paſſion, ev'ry Tumult end:
Here, if Forgot, [25] Forgetting ev'ry Friend.
A. Mir'd [32] with the Journey, wetted [31] with the
Rain,
(The queſtion'd Point [29] more freely to explain)
Stops, at the Talbot-Sign, [30] the *Kentiſh* Squire;
And warms, and dries Him [34] at the Common Fire:
There, let Him dine; by our impartial Voice
Un-cenſur'd: From Convenience, not from Choice.

Fidenis [21]
——— *vicus:* [22]
——— ——— *tamen illic* [23]
——— ——— ———*vivere vellem,* [24]
Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus & illis, [25]
Neptunum [26]
——— *procul e terrâ ſpectare* [27]
——— ——— ——— *furentem.* [28]

HORATIUS.

Sed neque [29]
——— ———*qui Capuâ Romam petit,* [30]
——— ——— ——— *imbre* [31]
——— ——— ——— ——— *lutoque*

But

But ev'n mine Hoſt would ſmile, [33] ſhould He begin,
To hire his [35] Winter-Lodging at his Inn.
Seiz'd [37] with Rheumatic Pain, [36] I aſk Advice.—
" Thrice bath You, (*Baillie* cries) and ſtove You
thrice."
The Hummums, with a Patient's Faith, I ſeek;
And thrice [39] theBath,and thrice the Stove [38] beſpeak;
The Caſe is touch'd. But what, [40] when Eaſe is found,
Purſu'd I the ſame Courſe, [41] the whole Year round?
Held, as Preſervatives [42] of Health complete,
The laxing Lymph, and rarifying Heat?
His proper Ship [43] the Merchant-Sailor freights,
And bound for *Turkey*, [48] ſweeps the Midland Straits;

Adſperſus, [32]
——— *volet* [33]
——— ———*in cauponâ* [34]
——— — ——— —*vivere;* [35]
——— ——— — ———*nec, qui* [36]
Frigus collegit, [37]
———————*furnos* [38]
——— ——— —*et balnea* [39]
——— —— —— ———*laudat,* [40]
Ut fortunatam [41]
——— — *planè præſtantia vitam.* [42]

Suppoſe

Suppoſe him ruffled by [45] the Northern Blaſt,
Torn ev'ry Sail, [44] and fractur'd ev'ry Maſt:
He drives to *Tunis*, borne by Wind and Tide. —
What! ſhall He chuſe at [46] *Tunis* to reſide?
At *Tunis!* vend his Veſſel [47] with her Stores,
And naturalize, [49] and live among the *Moors?*
Forgive the Friend, who feels what He diſputes.
With my Affection ill your Abſence ſuits.
If fix'd Serenity [50] ſecures your Reſt;
If neither Hopes nor Fears your Peace moleſt:
What gains the Sage of Mind, of Body Sound,
By Change of Climate, or by Change of Ground?
Of either AIX, [51] let Self-tormentors tell,
The Southern Breeze, and ſalutary Well.

Nec, [43]
——*ſi te validus jactaverit* [44]
—— —— ——*Auſter in alto,* [45]
Idcirco [46]
—— *navim* [47]
—— —— *trans Ægæum mare* [48]
—— —— ——*vendas.* [49]
Incolumi [50]
—— *Rhodos* [51]
—— —— *et Mitylene* [52]
—— —— ——*pulchra facit,* [53]
—— —— —— —— *quod* [54]

SPAW's purer Spring, [52] MONTPELIER's ſofter Air,
Fall neither in his Want, nor in his Care.
Is NAPLES prais'd? He knows not what is meant.
More can He be than Valid and Content?
To Him, all Superfluities appear
Strange, [53] as the Modes of Dreſs that wrong the Year.
As ſhould thin Luſtring [56] chuſe ſome Country Maid
For *Chriſtmas*, and for *Autumn* [59] ſtiff Brocade;
Or wear ſome City Beau, for Queen or King,
French Silk [57] in *Winter*, and Broad-cloth [55] in *Spring*:
That, [60] by the Fire in ſultry *Auguſt* dine,
This, in extreme *November* ice [58] his Wine.
Such is the Mind, [54] miſled by vain Deſires,
When uſeleſs Things, She covets or admires.

Penula ſolſtitio, [55]
— — — *campeſtre nivalibus auris,* [56]
Per brumam, [57]
— —*Tiberis,* [58]
— — *Sextili menſe* [59]
— — — — *caminus.* [60]
Dum licet, [61]
— —*ac vultum ſervat Fortuna benignum,* [62]
Romæ [63]
— —*laudetur* [64]
— — — *Samos,* [65]
— — —*et Chios,* [66]
— — —*et Rhodos* [67]
— — — — *abſens.* [68]

While

While Health, and Fortune, [62] equaly benign,
Afford the Means, [61] be Bleſt! The Choice is thine.
" Philoſophy thy Soul from Paſſion frees."
Then *London* [63] like *Anapolis* [65] may pleaſe.
Here, to the [64] Stars, thy charming Province raiſe;
Here, abſent, ev'ry [66] ſweet Plantation praiſe;
Call *Maryland*, [67] (when fix'd no more to rome)
" An Earthly Paradiſe," [68] but call at Home.
Nor Thou, [69] what ſmiling Fate beſtows, withſtand!
Accept her Bounty [72] with a grateful Hand!
To taſte [73] the Sweets, that lie within [70] thy Pow'r,
Defer not, [74] for a Year, or for [71] an Hour!
This is the prudent Way, to huſband Time;
To equal ev'ry Soil, and ev'ry Clime;
To live, [76] and call [77] each well-ſpent Day your own:
Toſt by what Wind, [75] or on what Region thrown.

Tu quamcunque Deus [69]
——— ——— *tibi fortunaverit* [70]
——— ——— ——— ———*horam,* [71]
Gratâ ſume manu; [72]
——— ——— *nec dulcia* [73]
——— ——— ———*differ in annum.* [74]
Ut, quocunque loco fueris, [75]
——— ——— ———*vixiſſe libenter* [76]
Te dicas. [77]
Nam ſi Ratio et Prudentia curas [78]

When

When ſinks the Soul beneath a Weight of Woes,
Produc'd by faithleſs Friends ; the worſt of Foes !
If, then, right Reaſon [78] bids the Tumult ceaſe ;
Reaſon, the ſole true Arbiter of Peace!
If no ſoft Air alleys [80] the mental Pain,
No tow'ring Aſpect [79] that commands the Main ;
If, when for Eaſe from Realm [82] to Realm We fly,
Self is unchang'd, [81] tho' chang'd both Earth and Sky;
What, are the vain [84] Anxieties of Life,
But buſy [83] Follies? Scenes [85] of idle Strife?
Yet childiſh Man, whoſe airy Project fails,
Now animates his Steeds, [86] now ſpreads his Sails ;

Non locus effuſi latè maris arbiter, [79]
aufert ; [80]
Cælum, non animum mutant, [81]
——— ——— *qui trans mare currunt ;* [82]
Strenua [83]
——— *Nos exercet* [84]
——— ——— *inertia.* [85]
——— ——— ——— *Navibus atque*
Quadrigis [86]
——— *petimus* [87]
——— ——— *benè vivere.* [88]
——— ——— *Quod petis,* [89]
——— ——— ——— ——— *hic eſt,* [90]
Eſt Ulubris, [91]
——— *animus ſi te non deficit æquus.* [92]

In Search of Pleaſure, [87] that outſtrips the Wind!
In Flight from Care, that follows cloſe behind!
Where lies conceal'd [88] the Region of the Bleſt? —
He knows not! Yet, [89] it lies within his Breaſt.
Spontaneous there, in that rich Garden, grows
Whate'er, or Man requires, or God beſtows;
There [90] lodge of perfect Bliſs the Heav'nly Seeds;
Guard but the riſing Plant from noxious Weeds!
From Admiration! Hope! Ambition! Fear!
Here, ſeek we Happineſs? We find it Here;
This, ev'n in cold *Ierne*, [91] We may find:
Keep but an equal [92] Temperature of Mind.

FINIS.

Shortly will be Publiſh'd,

AN *Imitation of the Second Epiſtle of the Firſt Book of* HORACE, *beginning*, Trojani belli Scriptorum, *&c.*